

HAVING BIG FIGHT

MEXICAN FEDERALISTS AND REBELS MEET AT OJINAGA.

ARE IN DEATH GRAPPLE

Federal Troops, Though Outnumbered Battle Desperately for Their Capture Means the Execution of Many of the Officers Whom Villa Has Ordered Gen. Ortega to Slay.

The battle between 5,000 rebels, under Gen. Toribio Ortega, and the northern division of the Mexican Federal army, entrenched around Ojinaga, Mexico, across the border from Presidio, Tex., still was in progress when darkness fell Tuesday night. No bullets came across the border. The forces had been engaged for 36 hours and many had been killed and wounded.

Gen. Ortega, executing a series of flank movements, steadily kept on the offensive, gaining foot by foot the approaches to the Federal stronghold. The Federal forces, crippled and disorganized by the first rebel onslaught, clung to the hillside trenches, where their leaders had decided to make a last stand.

They rallied somewhat from the panic that seized many of them with the first volleys of the rebels when daylight disclosed the position of Ortega's men, and put up a plucky fight against heavy odds, although their losses were heavy from wounds and desertions. Many wounded and deserters waded waist deep through the river to the American side.

It was impossible to even approximate the number of dead and wounded. Fifteen Federal wounded who waded the river were allowed to remain and were cared for by United States army physicians, but several scores unnumbered Federal deserters were disarmed by the United States border patrol, under Major McNamee, and sent back across the border.

Army officers were convinced that casualties had been heavy and Red Cross representatives sent requests for more help and hospital supplies. They also requested permission to cross the border to attend the wounded on the battlefield. Neither of the opposing forces is provided with hospital facilities and wounded have been left on the hillside where they fell. Although 5,000 rebels were engaged, much of their fire was ineffective in the early hours of the battle because of the position they occupied below the village.

Ojinaga, a cluster of adobe buildings, stands a mile from the border at the top of high hills which line the valley through which the rebels advanced. When the day dawned Ortega's men had gained the foot of a hill three miles from the village, where the Federals had planted a fort to command approaches to the town. They spread along the hillside and opened a fire which was maintained all day, and which was supported by 10 machine guns they had dragged across the desert from Chihuahua.

Foot by foot the rebels approached the Federal trenches, until their fire became too severe for the defenders, who retired until, as darkness fell, all Federals who had not fled were huddled in the shelter of the town itself.

A small Federal force made a gallant stand in the custom house, which stands on an elevation midway between the village proper and the plain. They swept a hail of bullets across the main approach to the town, and for a time held the rebel forces in check. As the day wore on, however, the sputtering fire from the loopholes of the custom house gradually diminished and finally ceased entirely.

When their last cartridge had been fired the little handful of Federals deserted the building and scurried across the mile and a half separating them from their comrades in the town. Their retreat gave the rebels an additional advantage of position.

Although the rebels appeared to have much advantage, the outcome of the struggle was not clearly defined. That the Federals will surrender is improbable, because Gen. Ortega has explicit orders to execute the so-called volunteers and their commanders, Gens. Pascual Orozco, Ynez Salazar, Antonio Rojas, Blas Ornela, Lazaro Alanis and Roque Gomez. Eighteen hundred volunteers also came under the sentence of death imposed by order of Gen. Villa.

That the Federals with all their generals, except perhaps Gen. Francisco Castro, Gen. Jose Manilla and Gen. Manuel Lande, the regulars, will be forced over to the United States in case of defeat, was thought on the American side to be most likely.

The land which slopes down to the shallow and muddy river, which the American side all day presented the bony aspect of the rear of an army in action. Cavalrymen of the border patrol galloped along the water's edge ready to send back any Mexican soldiers who attempted to cross or to stop a possible general rush of the whole Federal army across the border. Only wounded soldiers were given assistance. A few civilians who dared remain in Ojinaga until the last came across unmolested.

FIND BODY IN STREAM.

Bethune Citizen Disappeared From His Home on Friday.

The body of J. M. Watts, who disappeared from his home in Bethune Friday about 12 o'clock, was found Sunday afternoon about 3 o'clock in the middle of Lynch's river, about one mile from his home. He was tracked from the house to the river. Parties had been looking the community over since early Saturday morning. Mr. Watts had been in bad health for over a year. He leaves a wife and several children and a host of friends. He was a highly esteemed citizen of this community.

Burned to Death.

Mrs. James Coyle, 35 years old, fell into a fireplace at her home near Compens Monday morning and was burned to death. There was nobody else in the room at the time. It is supposed she fell.

BLOODHOUNDSCATCH HIM

NEGRO WHO ASSAULTED WHITE WOMAN CAPTURED.

Wife of Confederate Veteran Attacked in Her Home During Her Husband's Absence.

On Wednesday about 12 o'clock Buck Hill, alias Buck McLeod, a negro, assaulted a white woman while she was at her home near Brown's chapel, which is ten miles southeast of Columbia on the Leesburg road. The negro was trailed by the bloodhounds from the State penitentiary and captured about 4:30 o'clock by Sheriff McCain, Coroner Scott and the members of a posse who left Columbia in automobiles at 1 o'clock Wednesday for the scene of the crime. The negro was lodged in the Richland county jail that night.

The negro's victim, who is about 35 years old, is the wife of a Confederate veteran, a man of excellent standing in his community. She was alone in the house at the time the crime was committed. Her husband had gone to Columbia on business and did not leave for home until about 2 o'clock. He was informed of the affair after he had gotten a few miles from Columbia.

There were threats of violence against Buck Hill after he was captured. While Sheriff McCain talked to the crowd which had been aiding in the man hunt, the negro was put in the automobile of Coroner Scott and carried to Columbia. The crowd, which grew rapidly as the news of the crime spread over the Brown's chapel section of the county, was not difficult to handle, but Sheriff McCain took the precaution of getting the negro away from the scene as soon as possible.

The unfortunate woman is said to be in a serious condition as a result of the negro's assault upon her. She was badly bruised about the face and neck, while one of her hands was hurt in the struggle with the negro. The sheriff's office was notified by telephone of the crime about 1 o'clock by Mr. Gaston, the principal of a school near Brown's chapel, who was one of the first men to go to the scene. After getting the dogs from the penitentiary Sheriff McCain left immediately in an automobile, taking Guard Robbins, Officer Henry Dunning and Dr. J. E. Heise with him.

The bloodhounds readily took the negro's trail away from the dwelling house in which the crime was committed. The dogs followed the tracks for some time, then became confused by cross trails, but after a little they carried the tracks to Hill's house, which is only a mile from the scene of the crime. The negro Hill, alias McLeod, was found in the house with several other negroes. He was arrested and taken before the woman on whom the crime was committed. According to Sheriff McCain, the woman positively identified the negro as the one who committed the assault upon her.

When the negro was arrested at his house by the sheriff, he insisted that he must be allowed to change his clothes and shoes before he left home. He was taken before the woman dressed just as he was. It is said that the shoes he wore were of the same size as the footprints leading away from the scene of the assault.

Both disappeared after disposing of the trunk, the well dressed man hurriedly, while the other trundled the push cart down Pitt street and later returned it to a cart yard in the vicinity from which it was rented.

To identify the body the police placed it on view in a police station and more than 4,000 residents of the East Side—men and women—passed by it before Mike Molloy, proprietor of a Polish boarding house, declared that it was that of John Kremen, a former coal miner of Charleston, W. Va., but more recently employed in New York city by housewreckers and as a stableman.

Although Molloy was positive in his identification several headquarters detectives were inclined to believe that he might have been mistaken and that the trunk victim probably followed a higher vocation than that of a laborer. Molloy's statement was borne out in part by the calloused hands of the dead man and by his stature and muscular development that such work would make possible.

The trunk, which was used to dispose of the body, was 22 inches wide, 22 1/4 inches high and 34 inches long. It was manufactured, according to it by the Petersburg Trunk and Bag company of Petersburg, Va. But for the tin corners, which were slightly dented the trunk was comparatively new. The tray was missing and detectives hunted for it Tuesday.

One of the unsolved "trunk mysteries" was the murder of Moses Sachs, a jewelry peddler who was killed June 18, 1910. Just a year before the murder of Sachs, Elsie Siegel's body was found in a trunk in a room occupied by her Chinese Sunday school pupil, Leong Lee, a Chinese who disappeared, and was accused by the police as her slayer.

Another unsolved trunk mystery was the murder of Meyer Weisbard, whose body was found in a trunk on Pier 11, East river on January 16, 1901, after the trunk had remained there for a day.

Two Brothers Are Killed. William and Robert Russell, brothers, of Petros, Tenn., were shot and killed early Thursday, and Beecher Holmes and his younger brother, charged with murder, are imprisoned. The Russells had testified against the Holmes in a liquor selling case.

Tried to Sell too Cheap. When Jim Jackson offered to sell a Greenwood horse dealer a fine mule for \$100 Saturday he was at once taken into custody. Sunday the owner, a farmer, turned up and claimed the mule which had been stolen from his plantation.

Artist Kills Himself. Mollie Kathfield, an artist, was found dead in her studio at New York Monday afternoon with a steel paper cutter driven through her heart. Apparently it was suicide.

Sentenced to Walk 76 Miles. Edward Leo and John Nolan, 17-year-old boys of New York city, who ran away from home, were arrested at Middletown, N. Y., on a charge of illegal train riding. They were released on their promise to walk the 76 miles back to their home.

Rebels Repulsed. After four days of fighting the Mexican federal garrison at the seaport of Tampico reinforced by the arrival of gunboats with troops, ammunition and dynamite Sunday drove the attacking Constitutionalists out of their guns.

Killed at Wedding. Wednesday afternoon Fred China, a negro, shot and killed Jacob Dargan, another negro, at a wedding on a plantation near Statesburg.

A TRUNK MYSTERY

NEW YORK POLICE FACES PUZZLING MURDER CASE.

TRUNK CONTAINS CORPSE

Two Men Rent Push Cart in Which They Carry the Trunk, Dumping It on the Sidewalk, While They Walk Off, Ostensibly to Return for it in a Few Minutes.

A murder mystery, which promises to rival the famous barrel murder of a dozen years ago, was brought to the attention of the New York police Monday when a boy notified them that for half an hour he had watched a trunk which two men had unloaded from a push cart and left in the gutter on the East Side. When the trunk was opened at a police station the still warm body of a man about 40 years old, shabbily dressed and emaciated, was found in it. The body was later identified by Joseph Molloy, a former room mate at that of John Kremen, a Russian Pole, formerly employed in a coal mine at Charleston, W. Va.

According to the coroner, death had been caused by strangulation. In forcing the body into the trunk, the man's neck had been broken. Stout ropes held the head and neck to the knees and feet. A large bandanna handkerchief had been used as a gag and a woman's petticoat had been wrapped about the head.

About 10 o'clock Monday morning, Joseph Cooper, an employee of a "push cart tables" on Sheriff street, nearby, rented a cart to two men answering the description given by the boy who called the police to Pitt street. One of the men had asked the boy to take care of the trunk after it was dumped into the gutter.

Cooper said one of the men was tall and well dressed. The other man, a little shorter and dressed in a dark sweater and cap, wheeled the cart, and is believed to have been merely the employee of the well dressed man. When the cart reached Pitt street the tall man gave his companion a coin and then helped him unload the trunk. After this the man in the sweater returned the push cart to its owner, while the other asked the street urchin to watch the trunk.

By drawing in the net of investigation begun Monday when the body was found in a trunk on the East Side the police are confident the identity of the murderers will be positively established. This is the third trunk murder mystery in four years. The two previous mysteries have remained unsolved.

The police also hoped Tuesday to gather in a number of men answering the description of the two who dumped the trunk containing the body from a push cart onto the sidewalk at the Pitt street tenement entrance. One of the men, evidently the employer of his companion, was tall and well dressed. He directed the unloading of the trunk and employed a boy of the neighborhood to guard it, promising to return in a few minutes. The man who pushed the cart wore a dark sweater and cap and is described as shorter than the other man.

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FOR AN HONEST PRIMARY

LEGISLATOR CALLS FOR BILL TO PREVENT FRAUD.

Would Provide Penalties for "Irregularities"—Present System Leaks Like a Sieve.

The St. Matthews Record will publish a few articles on primary reform written by a member of the legislature. They are strictly non-partisan and are designed to point out the changes necessary to eliminate fraud without taking the ballot away from any South Carolina Democrat. The articles are in no way inspired by any candidate for office, and none of their preparation. They are designed solely to assist the mass of Democratic primary voters to clean house. Bills to this end will be acted on in the next legislature and South Carolinians are of course interested in the subject at this time.

Every lover of pure democracy must rejoice in those features of our primary system that give every true Democrat in South Carolina the right to vote whether he be rich or poor, learned or illiterate. Perhaps nowhere else in the world is there such universal white manhood suffrage.

The problem is to make the vote pure as well as free. No matter who the voter is he does not want his vote killed by the ballot of some repeater or outsider. What use is it for one county to be honest when some other practices wholesale fraud? or for you to vote once when others are voting twice.

To decide on a remedy we must first find exactly where the trouble lies. I am going to cite some instances. See if you do not agree that the fault is twofold, first with you and me and the rest of the rank and file who have been unwilling to be put to the trouble of obeying even the loose rules we have, and then with these rules which are so poorly arranged that the most conscientious election managers are helpless where voters set out to cheat.

Tammany Methods. "There may have been some minor irregularities in this county, but we believe that it was a fair election as far as the county is concerned," reported one county chairman to the investigating committee a year ago. He adds, however, "I found that the club lists had disappeared. Our committee has been unable to locate them."

Over night some one stole the record from the ballot boxes. A familiar device of Tammany thugs in a good old days practiced right here in a farming county of South Carolina. The chairman was honest and sincere, though, when he called this a "minor irregularity," for every one of us who has anything to do with our election management sees rules so violated on every hand that only downright bribery is considered serious.

Early or Not at All. In another important county it is no uncommon thing for a voter to find on going to the polls that some one has cast a ballot in his name. Friends who had this experience laughed to hear about it as a part of the regular order of things, remarking, "Next time we must be at the polls when they are opened." The State executive committee called on the party authorities from that county for a report on the election and the reply was "no irregularities found." There is no mild a term as "irregularity" is too harsh a name for the most flagrant frauds and everything goes.

Why Rules Among Friends? In still another big county the local executive committee found among other "irregularities" that men were alleged to vote whose names were not enrolled on the club lists.

In one box 123 names of those who voted were found after a most searching examination to be fictitious.

The average of the poll lists of all the county boxes showed from 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. that could not be identified.

At other boxes 340 names of actual persons were found to have apparently voted from two to five times, and after making allowances for a possible proportion as proper, a large number were seen to be repeaters.

In a very few instances was the "club roll" certified to.

Bystanders were called in by managers to assist in counting the ballots, one of whom did destroy or attempt to destroy tickets.

Managers of election were not sworn and other voters took no oaths. Yet this committee in summing up spoke of these things as "numerous irregularities," but found no evidence of fraud.

Summarized in Another Way. Managers omit to take the honest obligation oath the party rules require.

Regarding the rules, they allow men to vote whose names are not on the poll lists.

These voters and others cast their ballots without swearing as to their qualification, though the party rules demand the oath.

Uncertified poll lists with dead men's names by the score and scores of other men who had moved away written on loose sheets of paper and in old books years ago were used. But mind you, the party rules require that each list be certified to by the officers of the clubs.

"Where We Are at." These instances might be multiplied, but sufficiently illustrate the free and easy condition we have reached, when the most glaring infractions of party rules are held in the highest quarters to be merely irregularities that do not impair the integrity of an election.

Don't blame the managers. All of us are to blame. For years we have shouted from the housetops, "It is better that ten dishonest men should vote than that one honest man be deprived." We have tolerated and insisted on these lax rules and lax enforcement until any man can vote, be he resident or non-resident, over age or under age, whether he has voted before ten times or not at all.

A Remedy. Ooes it not seem to you that the

SHOOTS MAN TO DEATH

KILLING IN LOWER EDGE OF BARNWELL COUNTY.

Slain Man Said to Have Been Climbing Fence Despite Warning When Fired Upon.

Angus L. Main, a prominent citizen and farmer who lives near Jennings in the lower edge of Barnwell county, was shot and mortally wounded at the home of W. H. Mixson by the latter's daughter, Mrs. Susie Mizelle, about 7:30 o'clock Wednesday evening. Mr. Main died about three hours after being shot.

The Mixson home is about six miles from Fairfax and Main, who was the last customer at the dispensary at Fairfax Wednesday afternoon, was on his way home in a buggy, having with him a negro named Calvin Johnson. When they got to the Mixson home they drove the buggy into Mr. Mixson's lot. Mrs. Mizelle, hearing them using profane words and not knowing who they were, called, "Who are you?" The answer came from Main: "It makes no difference who I am; I'm coming in."

She warned him not to come any farther, telling him she would shoot him if he did, and in the meantime calling to her little brother to bring the gun. Main did not heed the warning but started to climb over the fence between the horse lot and the residence yard. As he was almost over the fence about 25 feet from her she fired the gun which was loaded with bird shot. The load took effect in the left side of the face at the base of the neck. Main fell back across the fence, his feet being on the inside of the yard, and remained in that position until nearby neighbors who heard the alarm came and removed him.

Mrs. Mizelle and her husband, Robert Mizelle, and their child had come from Estill, where they live, to spend the holidays with Mrs. W. H. Mixson. Mrs. Mixson was sick in bed. Mr. Mixson and Mr. Mizelle had gone to pay a visit at the home of friends about two miles away when Main and the negro arrived at the Mixson home.

Magistrate L. H. Williams held an inquest and the jury rendered a verdict that the deceased came to his death by the effect of a gunshot wound inflicted by Mrs. Susie Mizelle. Main, who was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Main, was about 35 years old. He leaves a wife and six children. He was an inoffensive man when sober, and his act is undoubtedly attributable to his being unbalanced at the time. If he had told Mrs. Mizelle who he was she would not have hurt him, for she knew him well. It is probable, however, that he did not know where he was when he stepped at the Mixson home.

TAKEN TO JAIL.

Chester County Man is Arrested on Murder Charge.

Frank Grant, charged with the killing of Sidney J. Ferguson Friday afternoon in the Capers Hill community of Chester county, was arrested Saturday night and is now in the Chester county jail. The arrest was made at the home of Sam Varnadore, Frank Grant's uncle, where the young man was said to be in hiding. The Varnadore home is about three miles from Chester.

Late Saturday afternoon Sheriff Colvin received word that young Grant would be at his uncle's home that night. He got together eight well trained deputies and with several of them surrounded the house, which was formerly the colonial mansion of Adam T. Walker, and a very large house.

After the house was well surrounded between 7 and 8 o'clock one of the deputies saw some one light a cigarette in the gable of the mansion. Immediately it was thought strange that anybody should be in such an add part of the house. Sheriff Colvin and several deputies then went to the house and asked Mr. Varnadore if his nephew was there, and he said, according to the deputies, that he would not tell a lie about it, that he was up in the gable. He led several of the deputies, it is said, to where he was, and the youth was arrested.

Grant, it is said, claims that Mr. Ferguson came to the barn and asked where his corn was, and not getting a satisfactory response is said to have cursed young Grant and threw a hammer at him, which grazed his coat. Grant, it is alleged, said that he jumped into the colt barn and shot Mr. Ferguson through the cracks of the door.

NEGRO CONFESSES.

Jeff Leans Tells of Slaying of Newberry Negro.

Jeff Leans, a negro of Newberry, confessed Tuesday that he killed Jack Toland, another negro, whose body was found last Saturday in a house on the plantation of James Renwick, about eight miles from Newberry. Leans said that with several other negroes he had been gambling at Toland's house last Tuesday night.

After the other negroes left, he and Toland had a dispute about some money, and he struck Toland in the head with an axe while they were quarrelling. Leans reported the discovery of Toland's body to the county authorities last Saturday. Evidence gathered about the crime indicated that Leans had been implicated in it. He was placed under arrest and Tuesday confessed.

Comes to See Wilson.

John Lind, President Wilson's personal representative in Vera Cruz, left there Monday night on board the scout-cruiser Chester for the Louisiana coast. He is to confer with the president.

time has come to replace this loose system that leaks like a sieve at every joint by a law that will be short, simple, definite and carry penalties.

I have no bill of my own to present but later will further describe the way frauds are carried out so you can see how to stop the leaks.

Legislator.

HIDDEN FOR YEARS

DEATH OF NEW YORK LAWYER REVEAL HIS LIFE'S SECRET

LIVED A DOUBLE LIFE

No One, Not Even His Wife, Knew That His Affinity Lived in the Secluded Room in the Rear of His Place of Business, a Willing Prisoner of His.

The Esther Gobeck of Balzac's fiction, transplanted from the romantic Parisian setting of the early Nineteenth century, came to life in Monticello, N. Y., this week when Melvin H. Couch was found dead in the law offices he had long occupied in the Masonic building, in that city. Members of his family, entering for the first time the inner room of his office, which he had always guarded so carefully from intrusion, found hidden there a frightened, tearful woman—a stranger to them all. Yet this woman—Adelaide M. Brance—had lived in that inner room for three years, and not a soul but her and Couch knew of it.

If the woman went out at all it was late in the night, when all the village was asleep, and if any "night hawk" ever chanced upon a strange woman slipping out of the Masonic building the story never reached the village gossip. For three years she had endured her voluntary imprisonment for the sake of being the secret companion of this man, and so successfully was her presence there concealed by the man himself that the members of his own family never even guessed it.

Dread of discovery grew with the passing of every month, and in the last year she had ventured out of the office only once until one day this week when she ran from the building to the office of the nearest doctor as her lover lay dying of heart disease on a cot in the office. Couch was dead when the doctor arrived and when the latter looked around for the woman she had disappeared.

The wife and daughter of the dead man were summoned to his office. Mrs. Couch, after giving directions for the disposition of the corpse, attempted to enter the mysterious inner room of the office, but found the door locked. She asked one of the men to climb over the partition, but as he tried it he was halted by a woman's voice that came from the darkness beyond.

"I'll come out if you don't harm me." There came the sound of the key in the lock and the woman stepped out into the office, stood for an instant at the foot of the cot where the body lay, glanced at the dead man, then looked up and saw his wife and daughter. She made as if to speak, but suddenly sank to the floor in a swoon.

Those present looked long and hard at the woman's face as they lifted her and one or two recognized her as one whom they had in years past seen frequently in Monticello and so frequently visiting Couch's office that there had been some gossip for a time—gossip that stopped, of course, when the woman had apparently disappeared from the town. Miss Brance was revived, and the unique story was told.

She gave her name as Adelaide Brance, and her home as Goshen, N. Y. She said that she had known Mr. Couch for 15 years. One day she had gone to Monticello canvassing for subscriptions to a book. She had gone to the office of Mr. Couch and had tried to sell him the book. That was their meeting and the relation which they formed began then. For years it was a matter of an occasional visit. Business would seem to bring her to Monticello and she would manage to spend some time with the lawyer.

The visits became more and more frequent, and more and more they tended to stretch from a night at a time to a week at a time. It was three years ago that the two decided there was no reason why the secrecy they had been able to maintain for a year or for a lifetime.

The woman told Couch she would come to Monticello, take up her quarters in the inner office, and never step out in the daylight again.

An oil stove, a table, some chairs and iron bed were put into the inner room. Miss Brance came there under cover of darkness. Couch announced at his home that he had become so crippled with rheumatism—trouble returning to a foot from an injury he received while running as a boy—that it would be out of the question for him to mount every day the long hill leading to his home. Hereafter, he said, he would live at the office, sleep at the office, eat at the office.

Once a week, with the coming of Sunday noon, he had walked laboriously up the hill to the Couch home and dined in state with Mrs. Couch. So that made it possible for him to live at his office, and to take things from the grocery and butcher's to his office without arousing the gossip of the town to any suspicion of the truth.

With all the precautions it is regarded as little short of marvelous that this secret could have been preserved with almost every moment of the risk of discovery. For the Masonic building in Court square is in the heart of the village, and ten other lawyers have their offices in the building. Only constant vigilance, the determination of the woman herself never to pass a window where she could be seen from the street, and never to go to the street except when all the village was asleep made possible the keeping of this secret.

Two Horses Are Killed.

Two young men, sons of Mr. J. S. Smith, living in the Carolina section, ten miles above Dillon, were riding in a tournament on Friday, when their horses collided, killing both animals and seriously injuring both riders.

Tragedy at Still.

Jordan Will was shot, perhaps fatally, and his wife killed outright Thursday afternoon at a turpentine still near Marlow, Ga. Deputy sheriffs are in search for the supposed murderer.

Newly Wed Takes Life.

Charles Candler Rowe, a wealthy young business man of Calbert, Ga., shot himself through the heart Monday morning. His bride of a week found his body.

Clogged by Dead Body.

When his car refused to respond to full current at an early hour Thursday morning Motorman H. A. Strong, of Tampa, Fla., was horrified, on examination, to find the mangled remains of a human being clogging the running gear.

Trying to Catch Him.

Investigations are still being made at Calumet, Mich., in an effort to apprehend the identity of the stranger who yelled "Fire!" at a Christmas celebration, starting a panic which caused 72 deaths.

Killed by Train.

Jim Gibson, a negro of Poston, in Florence county, was killed by a train Friday. It appears that the negro stepped on the track to cross just as the train, backing, reached the road.

Tried to Lynch Him.

An effort was made by a mob of armed citizens at Chestertown, Md., Saturday night to enter the jail